

## The Dolls

by William Butler YEATS (1865 - 1939)

William Butler Yeats was an Irish poet and one of the foremost figures of 20th-century literature. A pillar of both the Irish and British literary establishments, his earliest volume of verse was published in 1889, and its slow-paced and lyrical poems display Yeats's debts to Edmund Spenser, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and the poets of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. From 1900, Yeats's poetry grew more physical and realistic. In 1923, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. (Wikipedia).

**A LibriVox weekly poem.** Read by Bruce Kachuk, CalmDragon, David Lawrence, Dafni Ma, Greg Giordano, Jude, Lee Ann Howlett, Matthew Datcher, Scotty Smith, Tomas Peter.  
**Total running time: 11 m 34 s**

A doll in the doll-maker's house  
Looks at the cradle and balls:  
'That is an insult to us.'  
But the oldest of all the dolls  
Who had seen, being kept for show,  
Generations of his sort,  
Out-screams the whole shelf: 'Although  
There's not a man can report  
Evil of this place,  
The man and the woman bring  
Hither to our disgrace,  
A noisy and filthy thing.'

Hearing him groan and stretch  
The doll-maker's wife is aware  
Her husband has heard the wretch,  
And crouched by the arm of his chair,  
She murmurs into his ear,  
Head upon shoulder leant:  
'My dear, my dear, oh dear,  
It was an accident.'



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